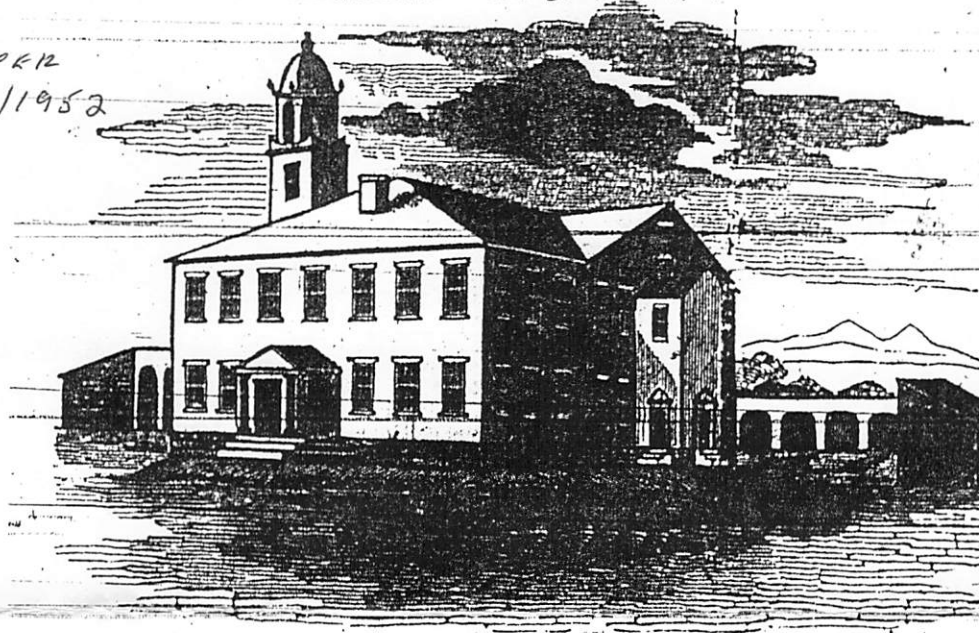


SARAH MAC'S BUDGET

DUX. CLIPPER

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VIEW OF THE OLD UNITARIAN CHURCH, IN DUXBURY.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. ALLYN.

Among the great and good men, whose names have adorned the annals of New England, and have added lustre to the history of the Church, none ranks higher in the estimation of those who knew and understood him, than that of the late Reverend Dr. John Allyn, of Duxbury. His peculiarities, or oddities, excited the wonder of the good people to whom he ministered, but rarely gave offence to any, for his universal and genial benevolence were generally known and appreciated throughout his parish.

He was remarkable for his thorough knowledge of human nature, and uncommon skill as a teacher, winning the hearts of all his pupils, however refractory they might have proved in other schools, where violence, instead of kindness and love, had been the means of discipline. He said, "I urge my boys as I do my sheep—I take the basket of corn and go before them, and they follow me."

A boy came to him with a letter from his friends, introducing him as roguish and unmanageable. The Doctor said—

"They say you are a great rogue. I am glad of it; I had rather deal with rogues than with fools, for I can make something of them, since they generally have enterprise and genius." Hearing a boy use profane language, he did not put on a long face and preach him a homily, but simply said, "Tut! tut! what part of talk is that?"—indicating that such expressions were not proper, and not good English, or at all appropriate; a hint that proved amply sufficient to effect at once a reform in the juvenile's speech.

If a new scholar was sent to him, he asked him what he wanted to learn, and if the boy said he did not wish to study, the Doctor said, "Very well; you need not." "You may do as you please, but you must not leave the farm." And so he let him run at large, and weary himself alone, with idleness, until he saw how happy the other studious boys were, and how they also neglected him. Then he would come to the Doctor, and ask permission to study as the other boys did, and soon took to his studies, with a correctness and zeal that placed him among the best scholars in the school.

The Doctor had no school room, except in winter, but allowed the boys to study under the trees, at the brook's edge, in the barn, on the shed, or any where they chose, provided they selected each day, before breakfast, their separate place of study.

At appointed times, he would come out of the house, ring a bell, and call up the students to recite, seating himself in a great arm chair, in the yard or in the

grass land, or orchard, adjoining the house.

Good recitations were judiciously commended, and were remembered by him in apportioning the indulgences, which he liberally bestowed, in ways peculiarly his own, but too numerous and varied to mention. He never inflicted any corporal punishment on any delinquent pupil, but gave him pretty distinctly to understand that he was displeased with him, by neglecting him in the allowance of amusements and other indulgences, until he was satisfied that the boy had been able to sensible of his neglect or misconduct.

He appeared to know the capacity of each of his pupils, and regulated his instructions accordingly. All loved and venerated him, as their friend, benefactor, and most learned teacher, and as a most pious and benevolent man. His success in training the minds of the young has been admitted by the most eminent teachers in the country, and we could point out many distinguished men, who were his pupils.

We have not room for more details respecting this learned and most worthy man, whose acts of goodness crowd our memory and hallow his; and, in conclusion, would say, that if Duxbury is true to her own glory, she will never forget the services of this illustrious man, or longer neglect to mark his grave by a monumental stone, expressive of her gratitude and veneration.

ONE OF DR. ALLYN'S PUPILS.

DR. ALLYN'S THURSDAY AFTERNOON LECTURE.

One Thursday afternoon, in July, Dr. Allyn went to his meeting-house to deliver his Thursday lecture, and just as he reached the church, a dark lowering cloud, highly charged with the electric fluid, had collected over the spot, and the thunder, with flashes of lightning, began to indicate the coming of a terrible thunder gust. The Doctor slowly walked up the broad aisle, and stopped at the head of it, and said, "My friends, perhaps a short discourse delivered here among you, during this concussion of the elements, will prove more acceptable than a more formal discourse from the pulpit." He then opened a most beautiful extempore discourse on the elements, explaining the uses of rain, snow, thunder and lightning, and showing that they were all means in the hands of ALMIGHTY GOD, for good to man, and as the crashes of thunder gave utterance of power, and the dazzling lightning flashed around, and the tornado blew its angry blast, he became more and more eloquent in portraying the goodness and protection of DIVINE PROVI-

DENCE, and made all feel that they were under the care of a kind and merciful father, who directed the lightning as well as the winds—and was also the "father of the rain," and the ruler of the tempest.

At length the storm passed over, and the sun beamed forth from the clouded sky, and the Doctor raising his hands towards Heaven, poured forth a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to God for his preserving care through this conflict of the elements and the crash of Nature's artillery. The time—the place, and surrounding circumstances must be recalled to revive the impressiveness of that sublime scene. Those who were present may remember more than our feeble pen can express, and it would be a vain endeavor on our part to do more than to remind those who were present of the effect of this admirable discourse.

THE GHOSTLY VISIT.

The following anecdote was current in Duxbury at the time, when the present narrator was a pupil of Dr. Allyn, and it is undoubtedly a true history of one of the parabolical visits of this singular clergyman.

One of his congregation, after reading some atheistical book, adopted the absurd opinion, that there was no God, and denied all spiritual existence, and future accountability. He not only proselytized his own family, but made himself active in undermining the religious faith of others—scoffing at religion, and keeping his family away from religious meetings, which he had himself long ceased to attend.

Dr. Allyn knowing all the circumstances of this family, conceived the idea of making them a visit by night, in the character of a spiritual being, feared by the superstitious. He took a sheet and a lantern, with a candle in it, and proceeded to their house—where he first looked into the window, and observed that the family were all assembled around the remaining embers of the kitchen fire, and were engaged in some trifling or amusing conversation. They had no light, save that which glowed from some uncovered coals, as they began to stir and cover up the fire with ashes, preparatory to retiring for the night.

At this moment Doctor Allyn drew the white sheet over his head, and taking his candle from the lantern and holding it before him, suddenly threw wide open the kitchen door, and advanced with solemn but noiseless strides toward the fire place. A shriek of horror burst from the assembled group, as they fell backwards and gazed with strained eyeballs and outstretched hands upon the apparition.

Not a word could they articulate, though they gasped for breath and endeavored to speak. After standing before this terror stricken group for a few moments, the Doctor dropped his sheet upon his left arm, and held out his candle in his right hand, and thus addressed them:

"What are you afraid of? A CANDLE or a SHEET? Do you know that where Religion steps out that superstition creeps in? If you had had faith in the superintendence and protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, you would not have been afraid of a candle and a sheet."

He then suddenly left the house, and left also the inmates to their reflections.

They who so lately gloried in their denial of God and of spiritual existences, now felt humbled like little children. Their pride was broken, and they were rescued from their wanderings, and were soon observed as attentive listeners to their "Ghostly Visitor," as he poured forth words of wisdom and goodness from the sacred desk, on Sabbath days, at the old church in Duxbury.

One day, when weary with the noise of company and confusion, becoming exceedingly nervous, he rushed out, and taking a young calf by a strap in one hand, and a bundle of bees in the other, and led it to a room where sat a young girl engaged in sewing, saying at the same time, "I have brought you two companions." "Well," said she, "the calf is not fit company for me." "Yes; but I want you to learn to subdue yourself with a calf, when tired of the hum of bees."

The Doctor was often strikingly impressive in his official calling. On one occasion, at a baptism, a very profane boy of the family was standing near him, and he baptized him with the words,—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

It had a very salutary effect.

God day he was taking his scholars down to the Gurnet, and he asked the boatman, (who was a shrewd fellow,) "What made the sea tumble about so today? Is it troubled? Does it always do so?" "No, Sir, only when we have ministers on board." "Oh! well, here's some rocks; are they always here?" The boatman replied,—"No, Sir, they ebb and flow with the tide." The boatman was a neighbor, who had been educated in his eccentricities.

The Doctor's Thursday afternoon lectures were generally well attended by all classes. Meeting one day a great number of children in the church, he made the story of a robin the subject of his discourse, charming his audience with surprising interest.

A British Officer became a prisoner to an Indian Chief. He was treated with much kindness by the chief. One morning, just as the sun was rising, he pointed to a magnolia in full bloom. "Do you see that sun just rising, and that beautiful tree in bloom? You have have pleasure in the sight." "I have," said the captive. "I have none," replied the Chief. "Have you a father?" "I had when I left my country." "Know, then, that I once had a son, but he fell in battle. I have avenged his death. Now, go; return to thy father, that he may have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the east, and the flowers blossom in the spring."

It was Sabbath evening, J. A. lay on his death-bed, nearly done with his earthly cares. The moon shone in her full light and beauty, and his father, Dr. A., had been long watching by his bed-side, and he walked forth to be made calm by the tranquillity of nature. A well known friend, to whom I am indebted for this anecdote, H. G. watched him as he approached the spot where she was standing—when he discovered, and thus addressed her: "It is a beautiful evening. I suppose you enjoy the scene?" "I do, sir," she replied, "but you have read the story of the Indian Chief and British Officer." "I have," said the Dr., "and I suppose I understand your meaning."

